THE

Triumph of Wit:

OR, THE

Canting DICTIONARY.

Being the *Newest* and most *Useful*

ACADEMY;

CONTAINING

The *Mystery* and *Art* of *Canting*, with the *Original* and *Present Management* thereof, and the *Ends* to which it *serves* and is *employed*.

Illustrated with *Poems*, *Songs*, and *various Intrigues* in the *Canting Language*, with the *Explanation*, &c.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
New Canting ACADEMY:
OR, THE
Myſtery of CANTING,
Diſplay'd to the LIFE.

The Introduction: or, Wheedling, *&c. made manifeſt.*

SInce Wheedling and Canting may be juſtly termed Brethren, I don't think it any ways amiſs to joyn them together in this Learned Academy, not for the deſire I have that any ſhould learn them, in order to Practice; but rather that knowing them, and to what wickedneſs they tend all that love their own repoſe may ſhun and avoid the evil Courſes they tend to. Nor is Ignorance the leaſt Cauſe ſo many plunge themſelves into Wickedneſs, for cou'd ſin be truly diſcover'd in its Deformity, it would look ſo monſtruous, that the terrors of its viſage would affright thoſe that court it from its foul Embraces; nor is it leſs obſervable that thoſe who are leaſt skill'd in the nature of Poiſons are frequently deſtroy'd by Intoxication, eſpecially where it is in their Power to meet unwittingly with the mortal bane: The Devil too gilds over his allurements and Temptations with a ſeeming good, on purpoſe that the ignorant may take them for what they really are not, and ſo unadviſedly infect their Souls, from which we may conclude, that to know the failures and vices of others as they are really ſo, and properly deliver'd in their proper Shapes and Defects, is the proper way to grow in hatred with them, and avoid them; and therefore to leave, however, thoſe without Excuſe, that read this Dictionary, I proceed to treat of *Wheedlers, Canters,*

Canters, *Strolers*, and the like, with the Practice of their Lives, and Manner of Living, which Relation in it ſelf, is very pleaſant, and may ſerve as a Caution to the Unwary.

Wheedling, *what it is, and how manag'd.*

THE Word *Wheedle* cannot be found to derive it ſelf from any other, and therefore is look'd upon as wholly invented by the *Canters*; but according, as the Senſe of it is managed, it ſignifies a ſubtle Inſinuation into the Humours, Inclinations, Natures and Capacity of any Perſon the *Wheedler* intends to circumvent, or make his Prey; working ſo effectually, that he poſſeſſes them with a Belief, that all his Actions, and Services are, as is, indeed, a Kind of Flattery, which join'd with Self-conceit, and the good Opinion we have of ourſelves, eaſily admits of the moſt favourable Interpretation, ſince every one is naturally inclin'd to Self-love, and thinks his own Abilities in Underſtanding ſufficient, if not the beſt; it being very obſervable, that although Men quarrel and contend about Riches and Preferment, one envying another as to thoſe Particulars, none on the contrary contend who has the moſt Wit, or at leaſt grudge not at another's, but conceit their own Stock is Sufficient.

In this they hold that Providence is juſt;
And it for Wit; tho' nothing elſe they truſt.

The Wheedler's Buſineſs is much in trimming the Sails of Flattery, and forming his Speeches and Actions to the Humour and Conſtitution of the Perſon he undertakes, imitating thoſe of whom *Juvenal* the Satyriſt makes mention, *viz.* Theſe Men ſays he, will conform themſelves to all Sorts of Company; if you laugh, they will ſtrive to laugh louder; if you are penſive and ſad, or prone to weep, they, like Crocodiles, will force feigned Tears; If you complain a Cold, they ſhiver, as in the Extremity of

a Tertian Fit: And if you complain of Heat even in the Extremity of *December*, they ſhall puff and pant as if they were in a manner melted.

Thus they on Flattery build Foundations bad,
And only in the empty Air they tread;
Selling of Wind for things to ſupport Life,
And tickle Cullies in their Follies rife.

The Qualifications of the Wheedler; *and by what Methods and Ways he works by Inſinuation upon the Paſſion and Minds of Men, and the Rules he obſerves therein.*

HE or She that ſets up for a thriving *Wheedler*, muſt be no Novice; for, if ſo, there is no apt Qualification for this Science, as they term it, but muſt firſt be accommodated with a winning Behaviour, a fluent Tongue, weighty Expreſſion, that can be ſo cunningly couched, as to make bad ſeem good, and good bad, to the Eyes and Underſtanding of the Ignorant; knowing how to time his Management to keep it always in Seaſon: A good Stock of Confidence is likewiſe required, and a Countenance not ſubject to a Bluſh; a Man he muſt be of infinite Jeſting, that when he trips, or begins to be diſcover'd in ſome palpable Flattery or Diſſimulation, he may turn it off, ſo as either to put a different Conſtruction on the meaning of his Words, or change his true Meaning into Jeſt or Ridicule: He muſt be furniſh'd moreover with much Patience to bear, without ſeeming any Way offended, the Impertinence of every Coxcomb or nauſeous Fop; and obſerve his Humours, that he may not be found wanting to tickle the Trout by a ſeeming Applauſe and Compliance.

The next thing he then conſiders and contemplates is the Paſſions of the Mind, and to what they ſtand moſt inclined and affected; and this he at firſt gathers eſpecially a hint of them by the Complexion, habit and Conſtitution of the Body; the Complexion attributing to the *Sanguine*, a merry jocund Humour, much given to Love and Recreation. To the melancholly, a moroſe temperature of Mind,

given to eaſe of Body, yet much diſturbed at Times in Mind, and prompted by Envy, to undertake malicious Enterprizes: To the Flegmatick, he attributes Inconſtancy, Sloth, Intemprance, &c. and to the Cholerick, Raſhneſs, and a con entious Diſpoſition, ſubject to ſtrife, and deſire of Revenge; and ſuitable to theſe he lays the line and plumet of his Flatte y or Inſinuation, and humours them to his own Advantage in their ſeveral degrees; and for the moſt part, they attack thoſe of the weakeſt Capacities, with whom they are ſure they can be credited, as a cunning Jilt of the Town is made to expreſs herſelf, *viz.*

You ſmile to ſee me, whom the World perchance
Miſtakes to have ſome Wit, ſo far advance
The Int'reſts of tame Fools, that I approve
Their Merit more, than Men of Wit in Love:
But in our Sex too many Proofs there are,
Of thoſe undone by Wits, t' whom Fools repair.
This in my Time was ſo obſerv'd a Rule,
Hardly a Wench in Town, but had her Fool;
The meaneſt, common Slut, who long was grown
The Jeſt and Scorn of every quaint Buffoon,
Had yet left Charms enough to have ſubdu d
Some Fop or other, fond to be thought lewd.

Nor is this Art of *Wheedling* altogether unneceſſary, ſeeing it carries with it ſome what more than Wealth, for by a ſecret and powerful charm, it calms Rage, diſarms the threatning Hand of the Revengful; moves Compaſſion in the hard hearted, and many times delivers a Man out of the Snare. This, and much more it effects, by a feigned and flattering Submiſſion, and pretending an untainted an entire Friendſhip; wher as, if there be no downright Enmity, yet there is no other than the Shadow, or outward Appearance of a Reſpect fo the Perſon, to engage him either to lay aſide h s preſent Danger, or perſwade and oblige him to ſome Kindneſs extraordinary. But thus much for this part of *Wheedling*, too much practiſed in this Age.

CANT

CANT, *what it is, and by whom it is uſ d, with the End to which it ſerves*, &c.

CANT is found to be the peculiar Language of no Nation; nor is there any Rule preſcribed for the learning or underſtanding it, farther, than from thoſe who uſe it to colour over their Villanies, and they are ſuch, for the moſt part, that call themſelves *Egyptians*, but are no other than ſtrolling Beggars, Vagrants, or Wanderers, the Foundation of which Gibberiſh was laid on one *Ruzoſa*, a ſturdy Wanderer, who firſt preſcribed Rules and Orders for the wandering Tribe, and became their Head or Superior; but not long enjoy'd his ragged Dignity, before he fell ſick of a filching Fever, for which the Doctor of the Triple Tree applied the powerful Cordial of Hemp to his Jugular Vein, ſo that the Strength of the Application not being allay'd in Time, caſt him into a dead ſleep, and for ever after ſpoiled his drinking at the Boozing-Ken.

Thoſe that profeſs this *Cant* pretend to be *Egyptians*, hold the People in Hand, eſpecially thoſe that are ſo fooliſh as to believe them: That they ſuck'd in the Knowledge of the Stars with their Mother's Milk, and are converſant with the Decrees of Fate, being the only Kindred of the Deſtinies, from whom they hid Nothing; nay have ſo large a Stock of Impudence, as to pretend to divine Magick, when indeed, they are no other than a parcel of ignorant, lazy, illiterate Perſons, who take up this kind of Life for the ſake of Eaſe, yet ſo much are they feared, as going in great Companies, by the Country People, that they are in a manner forced to give 'em what they in reaſon demand, leſt they ſhou'd fire their Houſes, or, as they fondly deem, bewitch their Cattle, when indeed the later is altogether out of their Power; and the greateſt Fear that need any Way concern them, is the robbing them of their Pigs, Poultry, Linnen, *&c.* for they have divers canting Names or Terms, of which I ſhall ſpeak hereafter.

The

The *Canters* have their ſeveral Offices and Degrees among them, the Officiaters of them being obſerv'd and regarded by thoſe that ſubjects themſelves as their Inferiors with great Exactneſs and Reſpect, and are diſtinguiſh'd, or go under theſe Denominations, *viz.* The *Upright Man* who being choſen for his Strength, Archneſs and Policy, in bringing them off at a dead Lift, is ſtyl'd their Chief, whom all the reſt obey, and among them his Will is a Law during Life, unleſs he be depoſed in a general Aſſembly or Meeting, which is held twice a Year in great State in Places pre-appointed, and moſt commonly the Suburbs of *London*, and that for ſome extraordinary Deſign, as for the Subverſion of their beggarly Commonwealth, *&c.* and whilſt he ſtands in *ſtatu quo*, all the Morts, Dolls and Doxies, or Women of the ſeveral Degrees and Orders among them, are at his Command; as likewiſe the beſt of whatever they filch or maund, that is, ſteal or beg.

The *Abraham-cove*, or *Abraham man*, is one that dreſſes himſelf ridiculouſly, and pretends at ſundry Times to be mad, and in Fits, when indeed he does it to draw People about him, to procure the Advantage of the reſt, either in telling Fortunes, or giving the Opportunity of picking the Pockets of the Gazers.

The *Jack-man* is their Secretary, who having ſome ſmall Abilities in Learning, eſpecially in writing and counterfeiting of Hands, makes it his Buſineſs to write their falſe Paſſes, falſe Certificates, and maunding Letters, and is in great Eſteem among them.

The *Dummerers* are ſuch as make a horrible Noiſe, attended with many Antick Poſtures, and frequently ſignify not only by Signs, which to every one are not intelligible, but by a forged Writing, that their Tongues were cut out in Turkiſh Slavery, for reviling the Prophet *Mahomet*, or refuſing to comply with his damnable Doctrine; and to that End, and the better to deceive the eaſy Spectators, and move them to Compaſſion, they roul back their

Tongues,

Tongues, and ſhew as it were only the Root; but if you require to ſearch their Mouth, they will pretend not to underſtand your Meaning, and with much Clamour refuſe it.

The *Patrico* is he that couples them together; the only Ceremony in that kind, conſiſts in placing them with joined Hands over the Carcaſs of any dead Creature, and bidding them live together till Death parts 'em.

The *Whipjacks* are ſuch as pretend themſelves to be Mariners, that have been caſt away, and Shipwreck'd either on the Coaſt, or on ſome foreign Land, and have nothing to ſupport them in their Travelling to their Habitation: And the better to Colour it, pretend a Paſs, though it is altogether forged, and they know no more of the Sea than a tame Gooſe.

The *Fraters* are ſuch as forge Briefs or counterfeit Patents, pretending to beg for decay'd Hoſpitals, Loſſes by Fire, and the like; but have been ſo often detected and puniſhed, that ſcarce any thing but the Name remains at this Day; for it being a publick fraud, 'tis more narrowly pry'd into than thoſe that are perſonal and private.

The *Paillard* or *Clapperdogeons*, are thoſe that have been brought up to beg from their Infancy, and frequently counterfeit Lameneſs, making their Legs, Arms and Hands appear to be ſore, and very nauſeous, with Cream and Blood, Butter and Soap, Ointment and Corroſives; and ſometimes by putting on counterfeit lame Legs, and falſe wither'd Arms, making horrible wry Faces, and ſetting off their Story of being Shot, Burnt, ſcalded, periſhed with the Evil, and the like; with a lamentable Voice, and for the moſt part they carry Children about with 'em, which they frequently hire of poor Nurſes for ſo much a Week, the better to move Compaſſion: but if you ſtrictly enquire into their Lameneſs, you will find it nothing

but a counterfeit of their own deviſing, and their Sores ſo ſlight, that in a Day or two they'd cure of themſelves, did they not apply Corroſives.

The *Glimmerers*, are ſuch as go up and down a Maunding, under Pretence they have been undone by Fire, and for the moſt part have a forg'd Certificate with many Names, inſinuated to thoſe of the Miniſter, Juſtice, and Church-Wardens of ſome remote Pariſh; prëtending great Loſſes, when indeed their whole Life has been the begging Trade.

The *Mumpers* is the general Beggar, Male and Female which lie in Croſs-ways, or Travel to and fro, carrying for the moſt part Children with them, which generally are By-blows, and delivered to them with a Sum of Money, almoſt as ſoon as born.

As for the Women that attend thoſe ſtrolling Gypſies and Beggars, thoſe that are married after their Faſhion, are called *Antem-morts*; the *Dells* are young Wenches that yet retain their Maidenheads, which by their Cuſtom they muſt Sacrifice to the *Upright-Man*, before they can be free with the Brotherhood.

The *Doxies* are ſuch as are proſtituted to any, and are no other than common Whores of the kind, among the Brotherhood, and conſequently to any Perſon, if Advantage offers; and for the moſt part they have the Art of diving into the Pockets of ſuch Cullies they enſnare.

The *Stroling Morts* are ſuch as pretend to be Parſons Widows, or to be born Gentlewomen, and by Marrying againſt the Conſent of their Parents, by Loſſes and Sickneſſes are utterly ruined and undone, telling a lamentable Story, to ſtir up the Minds of the hearers to compaſſionate their Sufferings.

The *Bawdy Baskets* are such as wander up and down with a Basket under their Arm, and a Child at their Backs, pretending to sell Toys and Trifles, and so beg or steal, as they see Occasion, and find Opportunity.

The *Kitchen Morts* are the little Girls that run in the Hands of these Gypsies and Beggars, or are carried at their Backs in Blankets.

And these are the chief of the Gang, who from their Head Rendezvous set out twice a Year and scatter all over *England*, each Parcel having their appointed Stages that they may not interfere nor hinder each other and for that purpose, when they set forward in the Country, they stick up Boughs in the Way of divers kinds, according as it is agreed among them, that one Company may know which way another is gone, and so take a different Road.

And so like a Disease they swiftly spread,
As Locusts mustier'd in black Clouds was wed;
When *Egypt* felt the Plagues for *Pharaoh*'s Sin,
And mourn'd the Ruin that it usher'd in.

In what manner a New-comer is received into the Gang of Gypsies and wandring Beggars, with the Ceremonies that are observed, and other things.

WHEN any Idle Person enters himself into the settled Gang of these Varlets, he is not admitted without Ceremony. And first, being introduced by one of the Gang, the *Upright-man* demands his Name; which known, he enjoyns him from that time to renounce it, and to take upon him one familiar to the canting Strain, not understood by the vulgar: This done, and registred, his Charge is given him, that he shall be true in all things to the Fraternity, and obey to the utmost of his Power, the great Tawny Prince, or, as they style him, *The King of the Gypsies or Strolers*, and keep his Counsel; that he takes his part against

all that ſhall oppoſe him, or any of the Brotherhood, according to the utmoſt of his Ability, not ſuffering them to be abuſed by any ſtrange *Pollards*, *Ruffers*, *Hookers*, *Swadlers*, *Iriſh Toyls*, *Dummerers*, *Jackmen*, *Whipjacks*, *Glimmerers*, *Maunders*, or the like, or any other Outlyers: That he reſerve to the Publick Stock the overplus of his gettings: That he will never leave nor forſake the Company, of which he is entred a Member, nor teach any, upon what Account ſoever, the uſual *Cant* proper among them, neither for Favour nor Fear: And laſtly, that he will ſtick cloſe to his *Doxey* or *Rum-Mort*; and then a young Wench is delivered to him as his Mate and Companion by the *Patrico*, if there be one grown up, if not, he muſt ſtay till there is, and be content to be ſupply'd now and then for Recreation's Sake, by the *Doxies* who are common among them.

The Adoption being over, the Scouts are commanded Abroad, to ſee if the Coaſt be clear; and if ſo, upon the Signal, the Foragers go out, and fetch in crackling Cheats, Grunting Cheats, Margery Prators, Red Shanks, &c. that is, Chickens, Pigs, Hens, and Ducks; ſome at the ſame Time breaking the Ruffman's Hedges, that is, for Firing: Nor does *Tib* of the Buttery, that is, the Geeſe eſcape them, while the *Whipjack*, as the moſt competent Judge, is employed to fetch Rum-Booze, or ſtrong Drink from the next Village, with ready Money, out of the publick Stock, and if no blind Ale-Houſe out of the Town or Road be near where they uſe for privateneſs's-ſake to Rendezvous, then they make the Fire under a warm Hedge, or in a Gravel-Pit, where the Morts are their Cooks; but ſo ſluttiſh in their Dreſſing, that a Stranger muſt be wonderfully ſharp ſet, that can find in his Heart to participate of their Banquet; and here the old Proverb is truly verify'd, *viz. That the Devil ſends Cooks*; yet thoſe that are uſed to it, feel like Farmers, and account it more Dainty than any other.

The

The Reasons that induce Strolers, &c. to take up this kind of Life, and by what means they cheat and deceive the ignorant under Pretence of telling Fortunes.

SOme may enquire why they delight in this kind of Life; to which I answer, lazyness is the great Motive that induces them to it; and the Gains very considerable, tho' unlawfully gotten: For swarming about the Countries they delude young Wenches that are mad for Husbands, by possessing them they are the Children of the Wise Men, and have familiar Conversation with the Stars, which demonstrate to them future Events; nay, many Times they have their Scout or Intelligencer in the Towns and Villages thro' which they are to pass, who against their arrival enquire out many Things by Wheedle or Insinuation; as what Things have been lost; who is sick; who about to be married, or who cross'd in love, and give Notice thereof privately to the Gipsies, who apply themselves to these Places, with such Protestations of Discovery, and telling none but the Truth, that they get to be believed by repeating what has been told them, with some Addition; and that they may seem to conjure, they — themselves, and turning up the whites of their Eyes, mutter in an odd Manner their Gibberish; and when they are once found to be in a Truth, the Humour of it decoys many to their Lure; and they always have in their Gang some one dextrous at dividing or picking of Pockets; they seldom fail to do it, with, whilst one of the Crew is poring on the Hand of some silly Wench or Fellow, under pretence of fortune telling; nay, their Children of five or six Years old, upon the signal, will do it, which in their gibberish is *kinching cly the l wer*: which being insensibly performed, occasioned the foolish report, that if they had one Piece of Money given them, they had the Art of commanding the rest also; indeed in one Sense they have: nor are they wanting if the cove nap 'em, that is, if they are taxed with it, they make horrid Imprecations that they are innocent; yet the Whipping-post as such a powerful Spell attending it, that it many Times

oblige

obliges them to recant their Cant, in making Reſtitution: Nay, that they carry at their Backs are ſo dextrous, that they will ſteal a Hat-band, looſe head cloaths or Handkerchiefs over her Shoulder that carries 'em, whilſt ſhe is pretending to tell Fortunes, *&c.* Nor are thoſe Children for the moſt part, any of their own; but when any young Gentlewoman or Servant Maid has trod awry, and her Reputation and the Father's are to be ſpar'd, then by the Advice of the Midwife or Nurſe, the Child with a Sum of Money, as they can agree, is taken by them; So that theſe Children but rarely know their true Parents.

Having thus far ſpoken of the wandring tribe who, are no other than Engliſh Beggars, Thieves and Vagabonds, that diſcolour their Faces, Necks and Hands with Bacon-greaſe and Soot in the Winter, and with green Shell or Husks of Walnuts in the Summer; I ſhall now proceed to give you an Account of their Cant, and what they mean by it in Engliſh.

The *Gypſies* and *Beggars* CANT; Comprehending all the material Words uſed by them, upon ſundry Occaſions; as likewiſe their Explanation.

Engliſh.	*Cant.*
A Handſome Wench	Rum Mort
An Apron	Belly Cheat
A part or ſhare	Snack or Earneſt
A Break-houſe	Betty
A hole	Form
A Gentlewoman	Gentry mort
A Receiver of ſtolen Goods	Fencing cully
A Groat	Flag
A Door	Gige
A Guiny or Job	Huskin-four
A Child	Kinchen
A little Man	Kinchen-cove

ACADEMY.

A private House	Libben
An Alehouse	Boozen-ken
The Gallows	Nubbing-cheat
Cloaths	Larries
Thieves	Priggs
Meat or Provision	Peck or Peckeridge
Lace	Peake
A stout Rogue	Ruffer
An Arm	Smiter
Andirons	Glimsenders
To agree with a Man	Famgrasp the Cove
Angry	Glim flushly
A Barboy	Squeaker
A Beadle	Flogging-Cove
Butter	Beaver
Bridewel	Naskin
Born a Beggar	Clapperdogeon
A Bog-House	Croping ken
A Bed	Libbedge
Bread	Panam
Beggars	Maunders
To beg	Maund
A Bottle	Boozia cheat
Be careful of what you say	Sto the whids and plant 'em
A Bridle	Nabgarder
Shackles	Cramp ring
A Body	Quarren
Cunning	Queer
Bacon	Ruff Peck
Broker	Fencing-cully
Baftard	Stalewhimer
Belated	Hoodwink'd
Blind Men	Gropers
A Barn	Skipper
A Bar	Touting-ken
Be cautious	Stow the Whids
Brokers Shop	Stolen-ken
Beaten	Chaft
A Breaft	Heaver

A Cheat
A Coach
A Chamber-Pot
A Conſtable
Coach-beggars
A Cloak bag
A Candleſtick
Fire
Cut the Cloak bag
Corn
A Cluſter of Grapes
A Cruſt
A Crafty Fellow
A Crutch
A Church
To Cheat
A Sow
A Coat
Counterfeit
A Coachman
To copulate
Cheeſe
A Cloak
The Country
Carriers
Shoaked
Chickens
A Dog
A Drawer of Wine
Day, or Day-break
Duck
Drunk
A Drunkard
Druſy
Drink
To enter a Houſe
Eyes
Ends of Gold and Silver
Dumb

Napper
Ratler
Jacum-gag
Harmanbeck
Ratling-mumpers
Roger
Glimſtick
Glimmer
Flick the Roger
Grannam
Rum boozing Welts
Crackler
Chincher
Lifter
Autem
Bite
Mower
Miſhtopper
Confeck
Smacking Cove
Wap
Caſe
Togeman
Deauſaville
Deauſavilla ſtampers
Frummagem'd
Cackling-cheats
Bugher
Rump-hooper
Lightmans
Quacking-cheat
Nazzy
Nazzy cove
Peeping
Booze
Dup
Olges or Glaziers
Spangles
Cauk

Ditch
A Drover
The Devil
Dry or thirſty
A Ditch
Fellows that Spirit People
The Face
A Fool or Coxcomb
Fearful
To fly or run away
One eaſily over-reach'd
Feet
Gold
Goal
Goldſmith
Gallant
Garden or Noſegay
To go up Stairs
Glaſs broken
A Highway
A Highway-man
A Horſe-ſtealer
A Horſe
A Head
A Hat
A Half-penny
A Houſe
Hands
Hoſe
Hoſteſs
Heart
Hoſt
To ingage
King of the Link-boys
Link-boy
Legs
Licence
Look thro' the Caſement
Lips

Jague
Mow-beater
Ruffin
Chapt
Skew
Kidnappers
Muns
Nizie
Peery
Bruſh off
Cully
Stampers
Mint
Maskin
Ridcully
Rum
ſmelling cheat
Track up the Dancers
Filcher ſnapt
Topping Cove
Rum-pad
Prigger of Prancers
Rum-padder
Nab
Nab cheat
Make
Ken
Fambles
Drawers
Supouch
Panter
Bufler
Blot the Scrip
Rum glimmer
Moon-curſer, or Glim-jack
Stampers
Jacrum
Tout through the Wicket
Gans

Lye	Coker
Mafs	Solomon
Mallard or Duck	Red-ſhank or quackingcheat
A Looking glaſs	Peeper
London	Rumville
Milk-Porridge	Papler
Money	Lower
A Married Woman	Autem-mort
A Man	Cove
A Noſe	Gigg
Newgate	Whit
A Neck	Nub
Night or Evening	Darkman
Pottage	Lap
Pork	Grunting-cheat
Peaſe	Thundlers
Partners to Files	Shoulder ſhams
A Piece of old Gold	Old Mr. Gory
A Portmanteau	Peter
Any Priſon	Quee
A Penny	Win
A Pot or Pipe	Gagg
A Pick lock	Gilt
The Plague	Cannakin
Pretty	Dimber
The Pox	Bube
A poor Man	Abraham-cove
A Purſe	Bung
To cut a Purſe	Nip the Bung
To ſpeak cunningly	Stow the Whids
To give good Words	Cut the Whids
A Villain	Damber
Rings or Gloves	Famble-cheats
A Rich Fool	Rum cully
Riding	Prigging
Riders	Prigers
A Shilling	Boar or Hog
Sheep	Bleating-cheats

To steal a Portmanteau
A Shirt
To speak
Stockings
Stocks
Sucking Pigs
Silver
Sixpence
Silver Bowls
Straw sheets shoes
A Shop
Sought for with a Warrant
A Sheep-stealer
A Seal
Teeth
To lie down
To go to sleep
To speak ill
To be whipp'd
To rob a House
Tobacco
To take Tobacco
To beat
To spend or lay out
To tumble together
The Sessions house
A Turkey
To be Transported
To run away
To look out
To hang
The Tongue
To weer

Bite the Roger
Mish
Cut
Drawers
Harmans
Grunting-cheats
Witcher
Half a Hog
Witcher-cully
Stummel Mates stamps
Swag
Romboyl'd
Napper of Nayes
Jark
Crushing-chats
Couch
Couch a Hogshead
Cut Quere Whids
Clay the Jerk
Hlave a Booth
Fogus
Raise a Cloud
Fib
Fence
Lib
Nubbing-ken
Cobble-colter
Marinated
Pike off
Tour
Trine
Prating-cheat
Scour

The Wench hath Clapt the Fellow

The Fellow is Rubbed off or Broken.

Make away from the Stairs leaft you are taken.

Be judged with hand ſeal for a Perſon.

The Rogue was Dragged at the Cart's Arſe thro' the chief Streets of *London* and Whipped by the Hang man.

Beat the Man on the High-way, for the Money in his Purſe.

Philip him on the Noſe.

Night-budge will you ſpend your Shilling at the next Ale-houſe.

Go up Stairs and tip off with the Looking-glaſs.

Drawer, fil us, preſently a Bottle of the beſt Canary.

Let the Devil take the Juſtice, and let the Conſtable hang with his Children about his Neck.

The Fellow Cants very well.

The Fellow entred into Bond with me willingly for forty ſhillings.

Five Highway-men got away in the Night out of *Newgate*.

The Mort has tipt the Bubo to the Cully.

The Cully is bruſhed.

Blow of the Groundfil.

Blot the Scrip and jerk it

The Prancer drew the Quere Cove, at the cropping of the rottom through the Rumpads of the Rumvil, and was flogg'd by the Nubbing-cove.

Fig the Covet quarrons in the Rum pad, for the Lour in his Bung.

Give him a Rum ſnatch, or ſnatchel him on the Gigg.

You Dark-man budge, will you fence your Hog at the next Boozen-ken.

Track the Daneers and pike with the Peepers.

Rum-hooper, tip us preſently a Boozing Cheat of Rum-gutlers.

The Ruffin nab the Cuſinquere, and let the barman-beck trine with his Kinchins about his coloquaron

The Cully ſlams Fleſh rumly.

The Cully did freely blot the ſcrip, and ſo tipped me forty Hogs.

Five Rumpadders are rubbed in the Darkman out of the Whit.

Look

Look thro' the Window and ſee where the Man walks with a Gentlewoman, whoſe Face is the beſt I ever ſaw before.

The Drover goes away with the Cows.

Cut me ſome Bread and Cheeſe.

Holt, fill a Pot of Drink.

Keep your own Ways.

Give good Words.

Give the Money.

Run for it as well as you can.

Conſider well what you ſay, and lay your Words cloſe.

The coach-beggar has broke the coach glaſs.

The Hue and cry is belated.

The Link-man has robbed the Drunken cully of his Purſe.

The Horſe-ſtealer is hanged.

Tout thro' the Wicker and ſee where the cully Pikes with the Gentrymort, whoſe muns is the rummeſt I ever touched before.

The Mow-beater pikes off with the Mows.

Filſh me ſome Pannum and caſe.

Buffer, fill a cagg of Rumbooze.

Maund your own pads.

Cut been Whids.

Tip the Lour.

Pike on the been.

Plant your Whids, and ſtow them well.

The ratling mumper broke the ratling Peeper.

The Napping cove is hoodwink'd.

The Glimmerer has bit the bubbing cully of his bung.

The brigger of Prancers is nubbed.

Thus, Reader, having given you a Light into this new created Language, which was never known to our Fore-Fathers, nor heard of at the Confuſion of *Babel*, I ſhall proceed to divert you with ſome pleaſant ſongs in the ſame *Lingua*; yet that I may not leave you in the dark as to the Underſtanding of them, I ſhall render them likewiſe into *Engliſh*.

Canting SONGS; the beſt Sort. In Cant and Engliſh.

The Advice, &c, A Song in Cant.

1. BIng out been Morts, rand tour and rour,
Bing out been Morts, and tour and rour,
For all your duds are bing'd avaſt;
the been Cove tips the Lour.
2. I met a Dell, I view'd her well,
ſhe was been ſhip to my watch;
So ſhe and I did ſtall and cloy
what ever we could catch.
3. This Doxy Dell can cut been whids,
and wap well for a win,
And drig and cloy ſo beeniſhly,
all the Deauſeaville within.
4. The boyl was up we had good Luck,
as well in Froſt as now;
When they did ſeek then we did creep,
and plant in Ruffman's row.
5. To ſtroling Ken the Mort brings then,
to ſetch lour for her Cheats;
Duds and Ruffpecks rumboyl'd by Harmabeeks,
and won by Maunders feats.
6. You Maunders all ſtow what you ſtall,
To Rumcoves that ſo quier,
And wapping Dell, that niggles well,
And takes lour for her Hire.
7. And Jybe well jerk, trick ſome confeck,
far back by Glimmer to Maund,
To mill each Ken, let Cove bring then,
through Ruffman's Jaug or Laund.
8. Till cramping's quire, tip Cove his hire,
and Quire Ken do them catch,
A Canakin will quire Cuffin.
ſo quire to been Cove's Watch.

9. Been

9. Been Darkman's then booze Mort and Ken,
and been Coves bing avaſt,
On Chars to trine, by Rum-Cove dine,
for his long Lib at laſt.
10. Bing out been Morts, and tout and tour,
bing out of the Rumvile fine,
A tour the Cove that cloy'd your Duds,
upon the Chats to trine.

Now that if any Perſon ſhould hear one of theſe Fellows ſing this Song with the Geſtures they uſe at that time, he would conclude him no better than a Madman, tho' the Engliſh or meaning of it, will make it more eaſie and pleaſant.

The ſame Song in Engliſh.

1. GO forth brave Girls; look out, look out,
look out I ſay, good Maids,
For all your Cloaths are ſtole, I doubt,
and ſhar'd amongſt the Blades.
2. I met a Laſs I lik'd her well,
with whom I us'd to dally:
What Goods we ſtole, we ſtrait did ſell,
And then abroad did ſally.
3. This bouncing Trull can finely talk,
ſhe will do for a Penny,
Through every Town as ſhe does walk,
fails not to ſteal from any.
4. The Houſe being rais'd, aſide we ſlept,
and through the Mire did wade;
The Hue and Cry to ſhun, we crept,
in Hedges where we lay'd.
5. To the Brokers then my Hedge-bird flies,
For Goods ſhe brings good Corn;
Which tho' the Conſtable after hies,
our Tricks us away purloins.

6. You

6. You maunding Rogues, beware how you,
do steal, for Search is made;
And let each Jade look to it too,
who will not do till paid.
7. A License got with forged Seal,
to beg, as if undone;
By Fire, to break each House and steal,
o'er Hedge and Ditch to run.
8. Till Shackles soundly pay us Home,
and to the Goal compel us
But may some Mischief to 'em come
who're cruel to good Fellows.
9. Sweet Wench, Ale-house, and Beer, good Night,
the Jovial Rogue's departed,
To hanging by the Justice Spight,
To his long Home he's Carted.
10. Away sweet ducks with greedy Eyes
from London walk up Holbourn
Pursue him stole the Cloaths; he flies
with Hempen Wings to Tyburn.

The King of the GYPSIES's Song, made upon his Beloved Doxey or Mistress.

DOxy! thy Glaziers shine,
as Glimmer by the Solomon,
No Gentry Mort hath Parts like thine
No Cove e'er wap'd with such a one.
2. White thy Famble, red thy Gan,
and thy Quarrons dainty is;
Couch a Hogshead with me than,
and the Darkman's Clip and kiss.
3. What tho' I no Togeman wear,
nor Commission, Mish, or Slate;
Store of Strammel we'll have here,
And ith' Skipper lib in state.
4. Wapping thou I know does love,
else the Ruffin cly the Mort;

From

From thy Stamper them remove,
they Drawers, and let us prin in Sport!
5. When the Lightman up does call
Margery Prater from her Neſt,
And her cackling Cheats withal,
In a Boozing Ken we'll Feaſt.
6. There if Lour we want I'll mill
a gage or nip for thee a bung;
Rumbooze thou ſhalt booze thy fill,
and craſh a grunting Cheats that's young!

In Engliſh thus.

1. MY bonny Laſs by the M —— I ſwear,
Thine Eyes do ſhine than Fire more clear;
No ſilken Girl has Thighs like thine,
No Doe more Buxom is than mine.
2. Thy Hand is white, and red thy Lip;
Thy dainty Body I will clip;
Let's down to ſleep our ſelver then lay,
Hug in the Dark, and kiſs and play.
3. What though I no Cloak do wear;
And neither Shirt nor Sheet do bear,
Yet Straw we'll have enough that's ſweet,
And tumble when i'th Barn we meet.
4. What thy Grandame love doſt thou
Or elſe you are not kind I vow;
Off then with thy Stockings and Shoes,
And let us do what others uſe.
5. When the Morning up ſhall call,
From her Neſt the Hen and all,
Her tender Broodings thou and I
Will take, and to the Alehouſe fly.
6. If we can't our Reckoning pay,
Something I will ſteal away:
Drink of thy Liquor then thy fill
Some ſucking Pig for thee I'll kill.

7. Therefore to London let us hye,
Thou haſt a ſweet bewitching Eye,
Therefore we'll rob and kiſs Pell-mell,
Eſcaping Tyburn, all is well.

The Rum-Morts ſong in praiſe of her Maunder, who had forſaken her.

1. NOW my Kinching-cove is gone,
By the Rum-pad Maundeth none,
I Qurrons both for ſlump and Bone
Like any Clapperdogeon.
2. Dimber damber fare thee well,
Pai lards all thou didſt excell,
And thy Jockum bore the Bell,
Glimmer on it never tell.
3. Thou the Crange ne'er did ſcowre,
Harmans had on thee no Power,
Harmanbecks did never tour,
For the Drawers ſtill had lour.
4. Duds and cheats thou oft has won,
Yet the coffin Quire could ſhun;
And the Deauſaville did'ſt run,
Elſe the cheats had thee undone.
5. Crank and Dummerar thou couldſt play,
Or Run-maunder in one Day,
And like an Abraham-Cove couldſt pray,
Yet paſs ſhith Gybes well jerk away.
6 When the Darkman's have been wet,
Tho' the Crackman's down didſt beat
For Glimmer, whilſt a quacking cheat,
Or Rib o'th' Buttery was our Meat.
7. Red-ſhanks then I could lack,
Ruff-peck ſtill hung on my Back,
Crannam ever fill'd my ſack,
With Lap and Poplats held Jack.

8. To

8. To thy Bugher and thy Skew,
Filch and Gybes I bid adieu,
Tho' the Togeman was not new,
In it the Rogue to me was true.

The ſenſe in Engliſh thus.

NOW my little Rogue is gone,
But the Highway maundeth none;
In Body both for ſtrength and Bone,
Like my clapperdogeon.
2. Pretty raſcal fare thee well,
Born Beggars all thou doſt excell,
Thy Swipeſtakes ſtill ſhall bear the Bell;
No fireſhip yet abroad it fell,
3. Bolts my Bully ne'er did wear,
Never thou the Stocks did fear;
For thee no conſtable did care,
For thou haſt Money and to ſpare.
4. Cloaths by ſtealth thou oft has got,
Yet the Juſtice took thee not,
But thro' the Country thou didſt trot,
The Gallows elſe had been thy Lot.
5. Dumb and Madman thou cou'd play
Or a driveling Fool too all the Day,
And like a poor Man thou coud'ſt play,
Yet with falſe Paſſes 'ſcape away.
6. When the Evening hath been Wet;
For Fire the Hedges down did beat,
We then with ſtol'n Duck didſt treat
Or elſe a fat Gooſe was our Meat.
7. Mallards then I could not lack,
Bacon always at my Back,
Nor was Corn wanting in my Sack,
With good Milk-pottage I held wrack.
8. To thy Dog and Diſh adieu.
Thy Staff and Paſs I ne'er did view,
Though my Cloak was far from new,
In it my Rogue to me was true.

The Budge's Song, in Cant.

1. THE Budge it is a delicate Trade,
and delicate Trade of Fame;
For when that we have bit the Blow;
we carry away the Game;
But if the Cully nap us,
and the Lurries from us take,
O then he rub, us to the Whit,
though we are not worth a Make.

2. And when that we come to the Whit,
Our Darbies to behold;
And for to do our Pennance there
we booze the Water cold:
But when that we come out again,
and the merry Hick we meet,
We file of with his Cole,
as he pikes along the Street.

3. And when that we have fil'd him,
perhaps of half a Job;
Then every Man to his Boozing-ken
O there to fence his Hog:
But if the Cully nap us,
and once again we get
Into the Cramping-Riggs,
to scour them in the Whit.

4. Our Fortune soon is told us then,
Unto our sorrow great,
O we are doom'd by the red Gown-mën,
To die at the Nubbing cheat,
They every Man with his Mort in his Hand,
does booze off his Cag, and part,
With a Kiss we part, and Weltward stand,
to the Nubbing cheat in a Cart.

5. And when we come to the Nubbing cheat,
for running on the Budge;

There

There ſtands *Jack Ketch*, that Son of a Bitch,
that owes us all a Grudge:
For when that he has nubb'd us,
and our Friends tip him no Cole,
He takes his chive and cut us down,
and tips us into a Hole.

Beſides the ſtroling Begggars and pretended Eyptians, there are others that uſe the Cant, who are moſt of the Town Thieves; or ſuch as harbour about London, and are diſtinguiſhed by ſeveral canting Names and Titles, *viz.*

The High-Pad, or Highway Man. The Low-Pad, or Foot-robber. The Budge, who makes it his buſineſs to run into Houſes, and takes what comes firſt to Hand. The Diver, or Pick-Pocket. The Bulk, or one that is his Aſſiſtant, in creating Quarrels by Joſtling, *&c.* to gather a crowd that the diver may have the better opportunity to effect his Purpoſe. The Jilt is one that pretending buſineſs in a Tavern or Alehouſe, takes a private Room, and with Pick locks opens the Trunks or Cheſts, and taking what he can conveniently, locks 'em again, pays his reckoning and departs. The prigger of prancers is one that makes it his Buſineſs to ſteal Horſes. The Ken-miller is one that rob Houſes in the Night-time, by breaking them open, or getting in at the Window, and ſeldom goes alone. The File is the ſame with the Diver, tho' for the moſt part he goes without the Bulk, and was formerly known by the Title of the Bung-nipper, becauſe with a Horn thumb and ſharp Knife, he uſed to cut the Pockets clear off, with all that was in them. The Shoplifts are commonly Women, who go into Shops under pretence of buying, and ſeeming very difficult to be pleas'd, find an opportunity to ſlip ſome Garment, piece of ſilk or ſtuff, *&c.* into the coat, Bag, or other private conveyance. with which they are ſeldom unfurniſhed. The Angler is one that takes a Quarry of Glaſs out of a Caſement, and ſo opening it, with a long Pole and

Hook

Hook at the end on't, pulls to him what he can conveniently reach, without entring the Houſe. But enough of theſe Varlets that like the Egyptian Locuſts, peſter the Nation, there being no remedy effectual to put an end to their Rogueries but the Gallows; wherefore not to trouble the Reader with a ſtory of their many Villanies, and by what Means they atchieve them, all of them being witty and ingenious in Miſchief; I ſhall conclude this Diſcourſe with a *Song* very ſuitable to the Purpoſe.

The black Profeſſion. A *SONG.*

GOod People give Ear, whilſt a ſtory I tell
Of twenty black Tradeſmen who were brought up in (hell

On purpoſe poor People to rob of their due,
There's none ſhall be nooz'd if you find but one true:
The firſt was a Coiner that ſtampt in a Mold,
The ſecond a Voucher to put off his Gold:
Mark you well, hark you well
See where they're rubb'd.
Up to the Nubbing-cheat, and there they're nubb'd.
The third was a Padder that fell to decay,
And when he was living, took to the high-way,
The fourth is a Milken, to crack up a Door,
He'll venture to rob both the rich and the poor,
The fifth is a Glazier, who when he creeps in,
To pinch all the Lurry he thinks it no Sin:
Mark you well, &c.
The ſixth is a File-coy that not one hick ſpares,
The ſeventh is a Budge, to trip up the ſtairs,
The eighth is a Bulk that can bulk and hick,
If the Maſter be napp'd, then the Bulk he is ſick,
The ninth is a Ginny to lift up the grate,
If he ſees but the Lurry with his hooks he will bait.
Mark you well, &c.

The

The tenth is a Shop-lift, who carries a Bob,
When she rangeth the City the Shops for to Rob;
The eleventh is a Bubber, much used of late,
He goes to an Alehouse and steals thence a Plate;
The twelfth a Trapan, if the Cully he does meet,
He nips all his Lour and turns him i'th Street.
Mark you well, &c.
The thirteenth a Fambler false Rings for to sell,
When a Mob he has bit, his Cole he will tell,
The fourteenth a Gameller, if he sees the Hick sweet,
He presently drops down a Cog in the Street.
The fifteenth a Prancer whose Courage is small,
If they catch him Horse stealing he's nooz'd for all.
Mark you well, &c.
The sixteenth a Sheep-napper, whose Trade is so deep;
If he's caught in the Corn he's mark'd for a sheep,
The seventeenth a Dunakar that will make Vows
To go into the Country to steal all the Cows,
The eighteenth a Kid-napper, who spirits young Men;
Tho' he tips them the Pikes they nig him again:
Mark you well, &c
The nineteenth is a Prigger of Canklets in storms,
Goes into the Country to visit the Farms,
He steals there the Poultry, and thinks it no sin,
When into the Henroost i'th Night he gets in
The twentieth a Thief-taker, so we him call,
If he haps a poor Tradesman he makes him pay all.

A SONG

THere is one black and sullen Hour,
Which Fate decreed our Life shou'd know;
Lest we should slight almighty Pow'r,
Rapt with the Joys we find below:
'Tis past, dear Cynthia! now let Browns be gone;
For crimes alas! to me unknown.
In each soft Hour of silent Night,
Your Image in a Dream appears;

I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
Slumber in Joy, but wake in Tears
Ah! faithless charming, Saint, what will you do?
Let me not think I am by you?
Lov'd worse, lov'd worse for being true.

Posies *or* Motto's *to be us'd on sundry* Occasions.

Madam my Heart
I'll constant be,
What e'er I have,
Whom God hath blest,
Now we agree,
To thee my Heart
This, for ever,
Untill I die,
Fairest Creature,
In Constancy
Let me not find
Let us now haste,
Prepare with speed
I will be true
When false I am,
Be not unkind
We'll happy live,
We'll live and love
What here I give,
No more I'll pine,
~~What e'er you say,~~
Love does invite,
I live and move,

Is your Desert.
Fair Maid, to thee;
Freely it crave.
Let none molest.
Let's married be.
I do impart.
With the Giver.
I'll constant be.
I'm your Debtor.
I'll live and die
That you're unkind.
The Minute's past.
To be my Bride.
To Love and you.
I'll bear the Blame.
'Till Cause you find.
Let who will grieve.
'Till Death remove,
My Dear, receive.
Since thou art mine.
~~I will obey.~~
Let us unite.
But by your Love.

Read these, tho' divided, Cross-ways; *As,*

Madam, my Heart is your Desert, &c.

26 SE 60

FINIS.